

THE WORLD.

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THE NOVEMBER RECORD.

Total number of "Worlds" printed during the month of November, 1887.

8,505,840.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR THE ENTIRE MONTH, 283,528 COPIES.

NOVEMBER CIRCULATION during the past six years compared:

	Monthly Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	943,861	31,462
1883.....	1,361,070	45,389
1884.....	3,845,834	128,194
1885.....	4,948,453	164,648
1886.....	6,107,420	203,580
1887.....	8,505,840	283,528

OPEN TO ALL.

The New York "World" invites every Newspaper Proprietor and every Advertiser to examine its Books and Press Room to Satisfy himself about its Circulation.

ADVERTISING RATES.

(Agate Measurement.)
Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra price for acceptable display. Business or Special Notices, opposite editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, starred or marked "Adv.," first page, \$1.50 per line; fourth page, \$1.25 per line; inside page, \$1 per line.
The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not apply to the Evening Edition. For the rates of that issue apply to the Morning Edition.

UNION FOR WHAT?

The intermittent shriek appeals for "Democratic union" heard in some quarters have reference solely to the offices.

Union upon principle, union to redeem pledges, union to stop the surplus by reducing the war tariff, union in support of the President's bold and statesmanlike message—this is indeed important. But the spoilsman never mention it.

Without such union the Democratic party cannot retain power.

If the country wants to perpetuate the war tariff and to squander or "divide" the resultant surplus, it will naturally select Republican agents to carry out the Republican policy.

Let the Democratic union be for the good of the country, and the members will take care of themselves.

HOW IT HAS WORKED.

An ounce of solid fact is worth more than a whole gas-bag full of buncombe in considering the effect of the over-protection embodied in the prolonged war tariff.

As a fact, ten out of the last twelve years of Republican rule, under the "highest tariff in the world," were years of business depression and labor troubles.

There were never so many bankruptcies, never so many strikes and lockouts, never such stagnation in business, never so much suffering and discontent among the working classes as during most of the time from 1873 to 1885.

Let the tree be judged by its fruits, and some of its superfluous suckers be lopped off.

MORE OF MOST.

Judge Cowro's grant of a stay of execution of the sentence of one year's imprisonment which he gave to John Most was not due to any doubt as to the fairness of his trial or the justice of the penalty.

The Judge granted the stay in order that Most, "who is poor, may have all the privileges given to a rich capitalist."

It is right that the privileges of all men should be equal before the law. But trial by jury is likely, as Judge Cowro intimated, to become "a farce," if one convicted criminal is able to secure a stay of sentence because he is rich and it is granted to another because he is poor.

Where does Justice catch on in such an arrangement?

CHICAGO AGAIN.

Once more the Republicans will try to cajole Fate by holding their nominating convention in Chicago.

But it will not serve. The charm was broken in the defeat of the last candidate that they nominated there.

The issue and the candidates, not the place where the convention is held, will decide the election. It will be "three times and out" with Mr. Blake, either in the convention or at the polls.

A SILLY FALLACY.

Really, the Tribune ought to have more respect for the intelligence of its readers than to try and impose upon them with the silly fallacy, long since abandoned even on the backwoods stump, that "British manufacturers" now pay for getting their goods into this market.

Our contemporary's word-picture of Mr. BLAINE, as an indignant "American," protesting against the President's desire to relieve the bloody Britishers of "contributing to the expenses of our Government," is as funny as anything in Fack.

Is there any reader of the Tribune so belighted as not to know that the customs duties are paid by American importers primarily and by American consumers finally?

THE REAL MENACE.

Mr. BLAINE's assertion that "the Democratic party in power is a standing menace to the industrial prosperity of the country" is too solemn for a joke, and yet it is too funny to be taken seriously.

The country knows that its renewed prosperity, after a long period of hard times, be-

gan with the accession of a Democratic Administration, and has continued and increased to the present time.

The real menace to the prosperity of the country lies in a hoarded treasury surplus. And this the Democrats purpose to put a stop to.

THE "CLAMOR" BEARS FRUIT.

The warfare of THE WORLD upon the abuses at Castle Garden has accomplished much good.

By the action of the Commissioners the Brooklyn baggage monopoly has been mitigated. Hereafter immigrants' baggage must be delivered within forty-eight hours after arrival, instead of delayed, as heretofore. Immigrants will also be permitted to claim baggage on checks and carry it away themselves without charge.

The extortionate prices at the lunch counter have been reduced and the proprietor will be compelled to supply good food.

The railroad pool is charged a higher price for its privileges, though not what it ought to pay.

The "World" will continue to "clamor" against abuses, wrongs and evils wherever and whenever it finds them.

MORAL TEACHING ON THE STAGE.

How little that clergyman knows of what constitutes moral teaching who denounces the play of "Faust," as given by HENRY IRVING and ELLEN TERRA, as "foul in its morality."

The true devilishness of Satan was never made so plain in any pulp as it is in the Mephistopheles of Goethe as portrayed by IRVING. The beauty and priceless value of virtue, and the terrible truth that, in moral transgressions, "consequences are un-pitying," are portrayed and enforced in the impressive object-lesson of Miss TERRA's Marguerite as it is simply impossible for any sermon to present them.

The moral may be incidental, but it is there. The Rev. Mr. WARREN should see the play.

THE AMOROUS COACHMAN.

The exploit of several coachmen in marrying their employers' silly daughters inspired AUGUSTUS JENSEN to try this easy road to fortune.

He was handicapped by a red head, a frightful fiery mustache and eyes that tried perpetually to look each other out of countenance over the bridge of his nose.

But he has the "masher's" conceit, and that is proof against everything except the remedy which his employer adopted: a heavy boot-toe, vigorously applied, evidence of his daughter's scorn, and an arrest and commitment to jail as a nuisance.

This was hard lines for Jehu, but until he can find some young lady who is "bound and determined" to run off with him he would better drop romance and stick to his reins.

The various organizations of women are profuse in their thanks to Gov. HILL for appointing two of the sex as Trustees of the State Asylum at Buffalo and nearly forty others as Notaries Public. There is one other selection of an unofficial nature within the power of the Governor to make that would still further increase his popularity with the sex.

Compared with foreign rates, the wages of "unprotected" American workmen are relatively higher, than are the wages of the so-called "protected" classes. Wages of all kinds have always been higher in this country than in the Old World, alike under low tariffs and high tariffs. It is the field and the market that regulate wages.

The Prince of Wales is impartial in his patronage of American lions and lionesses. An Ambassador, a poet, a politician, an actor, actress, showman, professional beauty or a prize-fighter—it is all one to him. Champion SULLIVAN is to spar before the Prince to-day, by "special request." Honors are evidently easy.

An imported English clergyman has struck at one of the most cherished institutions of the land of freedom. He is trying to make the girls pledge themselves not to go riding on Sunday or to be courted on Sunday nights. It can't and it mustn't "be did." What are Sunday nights for?

One of the bankers interviewed by THE WORLD says that "as the Government has protected infant industries it should continue to protect them." Yes, but not so much after they get to be full-grown, stalwart monopolies and go to organizing themselves into pools and trusts.

One of the crowd of brutish bores that badgered Bridgeman RADGERS with a tin-pan and fish-horn "serenade" on his wedding night has died from the effects of the bird shot that the unappreciative Benedict scattered among his insulters. No flowers.

The "Samuel J. Randall Club," the principal Democratic organization in Allegheny County, Pa., has unanimously endorsed President CLEVELAND's message. This looks like support upon a policy of statesmanship. The war tariff must be pruned.

The calling of a new preacher by Plymouth Church furnishes occasion to the one hymn in the American press to raise a yelp of disappointed but death-defying malice over his fresh desecration of the grave of HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The war in express rates would be a merrier one for the public if the public did not know that it will have to pay the cost after the merry war is over.

The stuffing was knocked out of that old "free trade" spook long ago.

The country isn't going back to Stove-

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Theatrical men seem to be extremely anxious to establish a reputation for themselves as sloggers. During the year which is now closing they have done a great deal in the pugilistic line. Mr. Maurice Harrington and Robert C. Hilliard distinguished themselves in a Montreal barroom recently, while the actors engaged in Henry's "Deacon Brodie's" company made an effective record on Tuesday in Green's Hotel, Philadelphia. Many actors have an idea that from the terrible manner in which they succeed in slaying a dozen innocents "supers" might after night, they are endowed with the power of a Sullivan. In most cases, however, the actor gets the worst of it. It is a well-known fact that one of the principal leading men stood on Twenty-seventh street near Broadway at a o'clock in the morning and engaged in a twenty minutes' ring-fight on that thoroughfare, in which both he and his opponent were severely injured. Then the other day a manager entered the ranks of the pugilists, and Mr. Gilmore made his bow to the public with a barkeeper as an opponent.

The Chicago theatres are well represented in this city at the present time by J. H. McVicker, manager of McVicker's Theatre; John A. Hamlin, of the Greek Opera House, and David Henderson, of the Chicago Opera House. The absent manager is W. M. Hooley, and of course he is the gentleman whom New York theatrical men are most anxious to see. The stock companies and dramatic organizations are always glad to appear at Hooley's Theatre.

It is said that Manager Rosequest of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, is weeding out a good many of the "attractions" (how often a horribly misapplied word!) booked for his theatre. He has been looking them up and has found that some of them do not justify the exaggerated descriptions which have been given them. Rosequest, it is said, has already given notice to J. J. Terry, who were otherwise engaged, to the burlesque production of "Faust," with Alfred Phillips, Fortescue and Fay Templeton in the cast. Mr. Rosequest's experience has been that of a great many metropolitan managers of combination theatres. "Traveling managers very frequently give ridiculously glowing accounts of the success of their enterprises, and New York managers have in several instances been taken in by them.

Negotiations are under way to secure the Christmas and New Year's week at one of the principal theatres for Mrs. Kibbo's Garden "She." The managers of that attraction have offered a large certainty to people who now hold the dates, so anxious are they to keep "She" in New York. The business at Kibbo's continues to be extremely big, and people seem to like Kibbo's Garden's weird drama.

Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, the champion of juvenile actors and actresses, and the mother of pretty little Bijon Fernandez, is trying to organize a children's party this year. Clarendon Hall has been offered to her and the good lady is anxious to have a big Christmas tree, a performance, a supper and a dance. Mrs. Fernandez a couple of years ago received so many contributions of delicacies for her party that children were engaged in carrying them away for a week afterwards. These children's entertainments are always interesting, and no more delightful hostess for such an occasion can be found.

Denman Thompson could undoubtedly remain at the Fourteenth Street Theatre for the remainder of the century, but he will not do so. On Dec. 26 the Hanlon will occupy that house with "Le Voyage en Suisse," by no means a novelty, by the way. Several new features, however, have been added since the play was last seen here.

Of Rosenthal's painting, "Blame," which represents the body of the luckless Hymeneus of Antioch being "entered by the demon" to King Arthur's palace, and which is reproduced at the Madison Square Theatre in Mr. Palmer's splendid production, that manager gives the following history: It was placed on exhibition March 30, 1875. It created a tremendous success, and was being seen daily by crowds of people. A plot was laid to cut the picture from the frame, take the canvas away and hold it in hope of a reward. The theft was committed, but the picture was not forthcoming, and consequently two of the gang "peached" on the others, and as a result the painting was returned in five days from the time it was taken. It is said that sixty thousand people saw it during the time it was on exhibition.

Miss Louise Dillon, who was formerly Susan in "Field by the Enemy," made a great success in that character, and Manager Frohman was afraid when he gave her the part of the Vassar girl in "The Wife," at the Lyceum Theatre, that Miss Dillon would be Susanish. The young actress, however, has entirely dispelled any doubts as to her versatility. Nothing more charming than her kitchen impersonations can be seen. Comedy actresses are becoming scarce, and when Lotta and Maggie Mitchell retire they will be even scarcer. Miss Dillon has a promising future.

WORLDLINGS.

Lieut. Cushing says that the Zulus used to worship the cigarette, giving it a place as a minor God in their theology, and celebrating its worship with an elaborate ritual.

A massive mound-builder's pipe has been found near Liberty, Tenn. The bowl is beautifully carved from hard stone, resembling granite, and holds nearly half a pint of tobacco.

A St. Louis thief was arrested while carrying off on his shoulder a small cook-pot with a fire in it. The stove had one joint of pipe to it, from which the smoke was pouring in volumes.

Miss Margaret Pody, of Mineral Point, Wis., will be 106 years old on the fourth of next April. She is the oldest person in the State, and is hale and hearty. She reads without the aid of glasses.

Erastus Horne, of Dawson, Ga., has as a pet a meek snake, which he permits to run up his arm and coil itself around his neck. He caught it in the woods only a few weeks ago and tamed it himself.

Baled sawdust is the latest output of the saw-mills of Mexico. It is compressed into small packets by hydraulic power and shipped to the leading cities of the country to be used for packing purposes and for bedding horses.

A German excursionist has just completed a tour around the world, starting from Berlin. The voyage took him 153 days and his expenses amounted to \$130 or a little under \$1 a day. He says that the tour can be done for less but not comfortably.

George F. Eaton, the colored representative in the Illinois Legislature from the Third Senatorial District, lives in style on Prairie avenue, in Chicago, in a \$10,000 house. A few years ago he was a waiter in a small family hotel on the South Side, but he saved his tips and is now rich.

E. White addressing the Supreme Court of Canada recently pronounced "clerk," using the word "clerk" in a learned sense. He was interrupted by Chief Justice Armour who said: "Say 'clerk,' Mr. M.; it is very offensive to the ears of an English-speaking person to hear that word called 'clerk.'"

W. S. Eden, of Chicago, who not only has the most gorgeous barber shop in the country, but is also one of the wealthiest men in the Lake City, was left without even a razor with which to begin life anew after the big fire. But with true pluck he rented a corner in a blacksmith shop, borrowed a razor and shaved every day who came along. Now everything he touches turns to gold.

The editor of the Griggs County, Dak., Courier calls attention to the fact that Griggs County contains more ground to eat the entire population of the globe in arm chairs within its limits, allowing each person a space of thirteen square feet. The county has an area of 76 square miles, or over twenty million square feet, and the world's population is about one billion and a half. The entire population of the county is 5,000.

PRODIGES THUMP A PIANO.

Doctester's Competitive Examination of Youthful Musical Geniuses.

It may be that a musical prodigy is an extremely interesting thing when it is found, but the hunt for it, if that which took place at Doctester's yesterday afternoon is a fair example, is an operation compared with which having a tooth extracted is unduly biased.

I have laughed at Doctester's Theatre in my school days, and my recollections of the house have always been pleasant, but when I think of yesterday afternoon I hate Doctester and I loathe his theatre.

He announced yesterday that at 4 P. M. a competitive examination of all the applicants for the position of musical prodigy would be held, and he requested the alleged talent to be on hand. Long before this time, papa leading boys and mamma conducting girls filed into the house and seated themselves in the auditorium. They were also enough to look at. Unfortunately a prodigy doesn't bear examination on his face that he is such, and for a moment or two I was startled by the thought that there was a possibility of discovering two or three.

"I should hate to diminish Abbey's business with young Hoffman at the Metropolitan Opera House," said Lew Doctester, suavely. "Still, you know, business is business. Abbey can get even with me if he likes by starting an opposition minstrel show."

Each of the boys and girls had brought music, except a little who sat in one of the boxes. Some of the applicants had been in the city for a long time, and as young Hoffman has marked the line of prodigiousness (you understand it) at ten, they must have thought their playing would out-Hoffman Hoffman.

Mr. Doctester mounted upon the stage, cast his eyes over the assemblage and then announced that the successful candidate would be the one who played the best for his age.

"Mr. Granville will first favor us," he said. "Mr. Granville is twelve years old. Come up, Mr. Granville, please come up. You see, Doctester was in a very good temper as he thought of possibilities, so he could afford to be funny."

The little boy got up on the stage and showed Doctester the piece he intended to play. It was a sonata by Kuhlman. Doctester pronounced it a sonnet by Kuhlman, but his specialty is not classical music.

Then came little Gussie Kent, a nice child ten years old. Who told her she was a prodigy I would like to know. Gussie ought to work hard at the piano. The child played some stupid jiggy thing just as nine little girls out of ten would have played it.

An intelligent looking boy, ten years old, named Albert Weinstein, was the next performer, and he was really good. His execution was capital, his touch sure, and his method excellent. Little Weinstein was decidedly out of the common, but he wasn't a prodigy. Fond parents may learn in the course of time that prodigies are not to be taken for granted. Weinstein played the piece he was to exhibit, then he was invited to exhibit the piece he was to exhibit, then he was invited to exhibit the piece he was to exhibit, then he was invited to exhibit the piece he was to exhibit.

You should have heard Arthur N. Cohen. I felt sorry for the poor fellow, he pounded it to such an extent. He was sixteen years old, and should have known better. I saw Doctester paling. If he couldn't stand it who was interested, how could I, who wasn't?

"Would you play us something classical?" said Doctester. "Only a Paddy Blossom," or some equally beautiful gem." But the young man was deaf. He went on like a dozen of Tennyson's brooks. "Drop a nickel in the box and the machinery will work," muttered Doctester.

James Mullen, a big boy with a red face, thumped away for ten minutes, deafening the path of the performance by the noise; Max Witt, a little boy with a white face, did his feeble best; J. Hynes made me wince when he played a piece; a charming little girl named Fannie Nagels, father called her a prodigy, played in so palpably imperfect a manner that every one started at the father, and a colored youth, nineteen years of age, gave a polka that would doubtless be considered wonderful in society.

It was anything but an agreeable afternoon, I can assure you. Weinstein was the best. There is no possibility that Doctester will engage him. I hope no more prodigies will want to be heard. I intend writing a story for children about the good boy who never played the piano, and the bad one who practiced and thought he was a prodigy. Something must be done. The future looks black. Why, oh, why, did Josef Hofmann come over here?

Not Down and Died in Fulton Street. Policeman George Logan died a dead man in the doorway of the store, 121 Fulton street, at 4 A. M. to-day. The body was removed to the Oak street station-house and a coroner's inquest was held.

Two men were kept close to the door of a house at 100 West 12th street, and a heavily built, and had light yellow hair and a small, crinkled yellow mustache. He wore a suit of cheap dark-mixed clothing, a knit blouse, dark overcoat and high-crowned derby hat. There were cuts and bruises on his head, probably received in falling. In his pockets were \$15.50, a key, a ticket to the Tombs, and the result of heart disease. The man was in a sitting position.

Major W. P. Walsh, of Arkansas, was up at the Hoffman.

Gov. W. P. Squires, of Washington Territory, is at the Hoffman.

Mrs. Samuel Coff, of Hartford, has rooms at the Hoffman.

Edwin F. Bishop, a Buffalo real estate broker, is registered at the Hoffman.

T. Pollard has returned from Foochow, China, and is now a guest of the Hoffman.

Ass. P. Potter, of Boston, President of the Maverick National Bank, is staying at the Hoffman.

W. B. Crocker, largely interested in the famous Brighton Stock Yards, is now at the Union Square.

John T. Harrington, of Liverpool, and W. H. Wood, of England, arrived at the Hoffman.

J. M. Toney, Superintendent of the New York City Railroad, is booked at the Hoffman.

The Bartholdi shelter Henry B. Butters, a Colorado politician, and S. H. West, known to all as the Hoffman.

Col. Frank A. West, of Connecticut, and Zeb Ward, a well-known Westerner from Little Rock, are now at the Hoffman.

Forest Commissioner Theo. B. Russell, of this State, and ex-Congressman John W. Chandler, of Boston, are now staying at the Hoffman.

Registered at the Hoffman are A. Lansing, of Albany; Paymaster Theo. S. Thompson, U. S. N.; and John B. Carson, the U. S. N. known Chicago railroad man.

At the Grand: L. C. Kerr, paymaster on the United States steamship Dolphin, Lieut. M. M. Patrick, U. S. A., and James McIntosh, a prominent citizen of Montreal.

The Windsor makes the following named railroad men comfortable: S. B. Andrews, of the Richmond and Danville; J. M. McMillan, of Detroit; and A. L. Wing, an Illinois railroad President.

FLOCKING TO THE BIG FAIR.

OUT-OF-TOWN MASONS COMING IN TO PACK THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

They Begin by Giving Half a Dozen Exorcisms—"The World" Still Abundant of all Competitors—Indications that the Fair Will Last Until Christmas—Interesting Contests for the Prizes.

O far as the attendance and receipts are concerned, the city people have made the Masonic Fair a gratifying success. Now, however, this success is to be made more pronounced by the visits of people from out of town who are coming in on excursions to pack the five floors of the Masonic Temple as they have never been packed before.

The rush began last evening, when half a dozen excursion trains came to town loaded down with Masons and their friends. The house was as full as a boy after a Christmas dinner, and there was a steady stream running into and out of the Temple.

Sales of goods by the ladies in charge aggregate immense amounts, despite the fearfully low prices asked. The flower booth was "womaned" last evening by Mrs. E. B. Harper, Mrs. C. C. Shayne, Miss Marion H. Champlin, Miss Annie Walters, Miss Gontie Stubbs, Miss Josie Sanford and Mrs. William H. Everts, with Charles White as cashier.

Fretty and piquant Miss Olga French presided over the flower booth, and the going on a spirited contest for a set of diamond studs, diamond-studded gold "tools" or square and compass, between Solon, Trinity and United Brothers Lodges.

The War is still, as a matter of course, far ahead in the vote for popularity as a newspaper, and the magnificent portrait in oil of Charles Dickens will no doubt soon adorn the walls of the Temple.

Mont Nebel Lodge, a set of diamond studs, to go to the most popular woman at the fair, are still in doubtful contest between Misses Tillie Munroe, Carrie Sannels, P. Larsson, Rebecca at the Wall (Millie Thompson), and a score of other ladies.

C. C. Shayne and L. P. Kollwagen have made a big stir in the vote for the stuffed goat at the Temple, but there is still hope for Inspector William T. Wilson, Col. Ehlers, Dan Bradley, E. Sorenson and K. Weil.

A. H. Haynes leads in the contest for the jewel of the Temple, a set of diamond studs, followed by F. R. McMillan, J. T. Wilson, W. H. Neethling, John Hopkins, Dave Mandevill and R. Archibald.

A new contest is going on at the booth of George Washington Lodge for a Past Master's jewel, presented by J. F. Lutherin, J. R. Bradburn, A. H. Bradley and A. D. Pape are running neck and neck for possession of the jewel.

Mont Nebel manages a contest for a Most Worshipful Master's jewel, to go to the most popular man. Henry S. Herrman, of Mount Nebel, leads, with George Burnham, of Excelsior, and E. B. Harper, of Crescent Lodge, following.

Among the persons, Dr. MacArthur's class of wearing the Tiffany gold watch and chain, which is to go to the most popular clergyman, is the Rev. John T. Wilson, Rev. John H. Paxton, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage and Dr. Matthew H. Pogson are not far behind.

Last evening there was a musicale by the Grand Lodge in the Commodore room. Souvenir medals were sold in the hall. Tonight there will be no special entertainment, but to-morrow evening Mr. Abbey's company will give themselves to the fair in a brilliant programme.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime yesterday issued a circular stating the law on lotteries and chance games, and addressed to the members of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. This circular was not addressed to any particular fair, and the Masonic ladies need not take it to themselves. There are no lotteries at the Temple, and all goods are sold to shareholders, not distributed at the close of the fair in a manner satisfactory to all and in a perfectly lawful manner. So says Justice Gorman and Inspector Williams, who are of the committee in charge.

OUT FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES. Dan Driscoll Leaves His Cell for the First Time Since He Tried to Escape.

For the first time since his attempted escape Murderer Dan Driscoll's cell door opened this morning and he was permitted to step outside into the corridor of Murderer's Row. This was a concession to the feelings of Lawyer William F. Howe, who wanted to talk with Driscoll, but objected to even a temporary occupancy of a condemned cell.

Mr. Howe had called to confer with Driscoll on the points to be used in the motion picture to be made in the Supreme Court on Monday for a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence.

Two hours were spent in Driscoll during the interview, which lasted fifteen minutes and in the meantime Warden Walsh and Deputy Warden Finlay made a thorough search of Driscoll's cell.

Members of Charity spend an hour each day with Lyons and Driscoll, but are rather churlishly received by the condemned men. Lyons's father and Driscoll's wife also make daily visits to the Tombs, but are not allowed to approach within two feet of the barred doors of the cells.

Help for the Cholera Sufferers in Italy. An art and musical entertainment in aid of the Cholera Orphans' Fund of Italy will be given at Chicksland Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 9, under the auspices of prominent Italian and American ladies of this city.

The chief feature of the programme will be two striking tableaux vivants, with backgrounds painted expressly for this reproduction by Mr. Charles Graham, the well-known artist. The first tableau will represent the Bay of Naples and the earthquake at Ischia, with living figures from the Italian quarter of the city. The second will represent the perversion of Mr. Graham. This art feature of the entertainment will be supplemented by rapid sketches of the city and the Bay of Naples, by Charles Graham, John Durkin, Edward Moran, Henry Thomas and E. W. Kemble, of the Century. The rest of the entertainment will consist of musical and instrumental music and humorous recitals.

Funeral of Father Oller. The Rev. Charles Oller, one of the parish of Pelly, Switzerland, who died in this city recently, was buried at 11 o'clock this morning in the "priests' plot" in Calvary Cemetery. The services were very simple, and there were no pall-bearers.

At 9 o'clock a mass of requiem was held in St. Peter's Church, in Barclay street. Father McGee officiating. Father Oller had spent several months in the West, and had been in New York for about a month. He had expected to stay here until the last of March, when he would have returned home. He was sixty years of age, and of superior literary attainments. He spoke no English. His Bishop will be notified at once.